

A LUZON WEDDING PARTY

Ceremonies of a Marriage in the
Philippine Islands.

Nuptial Ties in the Early Morning at San Isidro in Luzon—A Happy Apothecary United to a Senorita of the Island—An Elaborate Breakfast Follows the Happy Event

The adjutant general of the brigade had pushed a heap of papers to one side and sat thinking over the rumor that Russia and the United States were about to engage in war, and wondering if he would be lucky enough to receive an appointment of Major "Mex," as the volunteer staff commissions are called. It was a sizzling hot day. Without the wide, cooled, white

dows a fair substitute for a muck-bird. He sang a dozen strains and then seemingly collapsed, his song being dried up by the fierce heat. An orderly came briskly into the sun-flooded office and said, "There's a native wishes to see the adjutant general, sir!" And thus it happened that we were all surprised and much gratified, two days later, to receive an invitation to attend the wedding of the adjutant general to the

place and Senorita Gonzales. The hour of the ceremony was announced as 5 o'clock in the morning, in accordance with the customs of the Church.

Three of us turned out at 4:30 the next morning, but this is the land of "mañana," and it was an hour later before the candlelight gleams began to stream through the crevices in the rickety church and groups of spectators began to patter toward us.

the most part in freshly laundered suits of white, and the women's garments ranged in color from the sombre black of formal churchgoing dresses to the gayest of pinks and purples. But the church rule of veiled heads for women when in a sacred edifice was overlooked by none of the gathering crowd of slender brown *señoritas* or more portly and darker *señoras*.

The church opened, most of the waiting groups followed the orchestra within thirty minutes. The spectators of any other nationality, might secure advantageous places, each pausing as good Catholic Church people should, to sign their foreheads with holy water dipped from the two

grat sea shells that served as fonts. The groom, however, waited with us for his bride. When she had arrived in the ornate quietest that the town affords, accompanied by three of her female relatives, he tossed aside his third cigarette for the morning and met her at the church door. She was in gorgeous attire. A skirt of heavy brocade silk of brightest pink, the color not less pronounced than was the cabbage-leaf pattern; a bodice of embroidered pina cloth the rosebuds thereon rivaling in

their bursting flashes of color the startling pinkness of the skirt; these, with as daintily an arranged veil as any bride ever wore, and held in place by a tiny wreath of orange blossoms, gave her all of the blushing effect of pink on white, so desired since brides have been, and denied her so sadly by her natural coloring. Now there was no delay. The orchestra plunged gallantly into a really dreamy waltz. The groom offered his hand to the trim little figure in pink, and friends and aliens followed the

The fanlike train of silk swept slowly over the dusty floor of brick and came to a halt at the edge of a rug of crude red, whose color swore violently at the Chinese pink above it. There was no variation in the usual ceremonies of the Catholic Church, but there was one ludicrous piece of forgetfulness on the part of the bridegroom. He had forgotten to put aside his

but before he met his bride and it was necessary for him to interrupt the ceremony long enough to call to one of the numerous ragged and barefoot boys that stood open-mouthed near the wedding party to relieve the now embarrassed gentleman of that article. And when came the ceremony of the giving of estate to the bride we saw the need that there was for the man's two hands. For the best man had provided most generously for that part

A handful of our \$20 gold pieces, representing the best in money procurable, had to be passed from bridegroom to priest as the bride then to the senorita and back again to the future man of family, as the token of the giving of endowment and sharing of worldly possessions. When this symbolism had ended, the ever-efficient man of affairs of the occasion, or sexton, quickly returned the shining coins to their obliging owner and he dropped them into his pocket with

much ostentation, there had been many murmurs of wonderment at the sight of so much wealth from the crowd of kneeling witnesses, and I have no doubt that the double object of the gold had been accomplished. The ceremony was conducted partly in the Spanish language and partly in that of the Church, or Latin. Both were strange tongues to the girl, for I later heard her say to one of our party that she did not understand Spanish.

moved to the foot of the brilliantly illuminated altar. Chairs had been provided for the family, and we were included in that chosen circle. The orchestra no longer beat its way into a sweet song-like strain. It was not the beautiful "The voice that breathed o'er Eden," but it was a satisfying, thrilling native air that carried much of home thoughts in its liquid notes of violins and softer "cello to the ears of that little group of strangers there present."

But now the swarthy padre is leaving the altar and the newly wedded apothecary leaves his emotionless bride to hasten to extend to us an invitation to the wedding breakfast. When we arrived at the home of the bride we found the feast prepared, and, after all the ladies had breakfasted in one chattering crowd, the men were seated and had served to them delicious native chocolate and little cakes, with accompanying cigarettes.

messes were awaiting our return for our breakfasts, we made our adieu in our best Spanish and were thus spared the sight of the seizure of one of the guests as an insurgent captain. It was all done very quietly and without roughness; and later, when the happy apothecary and the new *señora* drove away for Manila in the quilez, there was one guest missing from the throng that waved good-byes from the high balcony just opposite the guard house.

It was unfortunate, but we needed that one guest, and we had been sufficiently considerate to allow him to attend his former sweetheart's wedding. That all came out in the little talk that the provost marshal had with the crestfallen captain later in the day. It was all very touching. Was it not? But that is the way things go sometimes. The girl and happiness for one; the guard house and hopelessness for another. The little spray of orange blossoms pinned to the captain's coat was sadly

Horses to be embarked are drawn up by teams as near the points of embarkation as possible. Their saddles and harness are taken off and packed in large sacks, while they are provided with the ship's collars. As soon as the two men, or team men hold the "lead" rope, which is made fast to the ship's head-collar. Two men stand on each

side of the animal and hold up the sling until the horse's legs leave the ground, and the remaining soldiers stand at the head and tail to fasten the breast-strap and breeching, respectively.